CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

is often caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing. Unless the inflammation can be reduced your hearing may be destroyed forever.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will act on the blood and mucous surfaces of all the victims is solicited and will be greatly appreciated.

Your friend,
A. R. HARWOOD.

For Supervisor

I am again a candidate for Supervisor for South Side District to succeed myself. I will again appreciate your loyal support as heretofore.

Your friend,
L. E. SMITH.

For Commissioner of Revenue

To my friends and the voters of Appomattox County:

I am glad to state that my health is improving and I hope as soon as the weather opens to be able to attend to the duties of my office as usual. I have engaged the services of Mr. James H. O'Brien, R. F. D. 3, Appomattox, Va., as my Deputy, who will assist me in my work, and I assure you, it will be done promptly and efficiently.

To set at rest the question of my candidacy, I wish to state here and now that I am a candidate to succeed myself as Commissioner of the Revenue, subject to the Democratic Primary to be held next August. While I may not be able to see and talk with you at your homes this Spring, as formerly, I trust to have that pleasure frequently support you have heretofore given me which I have always appreciated more than I can tell you.

Your friend,
E. R. ABBITT

For County Treasurer

To the Voters of Appomattox County:

I am a candidate for Treasurer subject to the Democratic Primary to be held August 7th, 1923. The support of all the voters is solicited and will be greatly appreciated.

A. R. HARWOOD.

NOTICE

To the Voters of Court House Precinct:

As provided by Section 90 of Election Laws, I will set at my place of business at Appomattox on May 23, 24, and 25, 1923, for the purpose of re-registering all voters whose names were on the Poll Books of this precinct, which were destroyed by fire.

J. O. O'BRIEN, Registrar.
April 13, 1923. 4-19-3t

SEASONABLE HARDWARE!

With a definite purpose of a greater

SERVICE

We have chosen our present stock of

: : Light and Heavy Hardware
: : Paints and Oils

We are able to supply your needs as you wish them served

WE INVITE YOU TO CALL

Reid-Dicerson Hardw'e Co.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

STIEFF

STANDARD OF EXELENCE

Other makes as low as $340 —fully guaranteed. Lowest prices—Best terms.

Write Today

Chas. M. Stieff, Inc.

80 Years in Business

Lynchburg - Va.

Call Me Charlie

TRY THE DRUG STORE FIRST

Mail orders given prompt attention

CHAS. F. JAMES.

Druggist

Appomattox, Virginia

You'll like the taste of our delicious meats

THERE'S no better food than delicious, wholesome strength-giving meat. It pleases every normal appetite and it's good for you.

But to be good and wholesome meat must be kept properly—under the most exacting sanitary conditions.

Our meats are kept tasteful and appetizing with a Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter. You'll like them.

J. O. O'BRIEN

Appomattox

Better Meats—Cleaner Meats—Quicker Service

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

STILL LOWER PRICES FOR FEBRUARY

$3.50 Girls Shoes, 12 to 2	$1.95
$3.00 Children's Sunday Shoe 8 1-2 to 11	1.45
$2.00 Baby's Shoe, 5 to 8	1.19
U. S. Hob Nail Shoes	2.75
$5.00 Men's Dress Shoe, good styles	2.95
$5.50 and up Men's Dress Shoe	3.95
$7.35 Young Men's Style Shoes	4.95
$5.50 Ladies' Tan Boots, rubber heels	3.45
$5.00 and $6.00 Ladies' Tan Shoes for Spring	3.95

If you suffer with your feet ask to see our line of comfort shoes for

2.95

WILL WHITE COMPANY

1101 Main Street — LYNCHBURG VA

FREE! FREE! FREE!

ONE-HALF BARREL OBELISK FLOUR, IN WOOD

Starting Saturday, May 12th, we will give every purchaser of a 24 pound sack of Obelisk flour a Free Chance on one-half barrel of Obelisk flour, in wood. Contest closes June 2nd, at 2 p. m.

R. W. BURKEY & SONS

"Where Price and Quality Meet"

Appomattox — Virginia

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

BY REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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LESSON FOR MAY 27

ISAIAH, THE STATESMAN AND PROPHET

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 6:1-13; GOLDEN TEXT—Here am I, send me.—Isaiah 6:8.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—II Chronicles 26:22; 32:20; Isaiah, 1:6; 7:13-17; 8:3-4; 9:2-7; 11:1-5.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Isaiah Who Was Ready.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Isaiah's Call to Service.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Isaiah, Watchman for His People.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Isaiah, the Statesman and Prophet.

I. Isaiah's Vision of the Lord (vv. 1-4).

No one's ministry will ever be fruitful until he has had a vision of Jehovah. Without this basis and the power to perform services will be lacking until he sees God.

I. He Saw the Lord on His Throne (v. 1). The prophet's gaze penetrated to the very throne of the eternal. We need not so much know things concerning God as to have a vision of Him, even to see Him on His throne. Surely now, as perhaps never before, with the awful darkness settling down upon the world and the foundations of culture and civilization, institutions and governments are tottering, we need a vision of the enthroned Lord.

2. He Saw the Seraphim Above Him (vv. 2, 3). Whatever form or rank these things have, they clearly are ministers of the Most High. Their standing indicates that they were in readiness to do His bidding. Their equipment with six wings shows the celerity with which they executed His will. In the Divine presence they find different uses for wings. One pair was needed to veil the seraph's head from the "intolerable effulgence" of the glory. One pair veiled the feet, which had been soiled in the execution of the commission. The third pair was suspended in midair while waiting to depart on any errand which the Lord willed. All ceaselessly cried: "Holy, holy, holy." The supreme attribute of Jehovah is holiness. It is for this that the creatures worship and adore Him. The treble repetition doubtless refers to the triune God. Holy is the One who created us, holy is the One who redeemed us and holy is the One who sanctified and keeps us. From the position of God's throne they see the whole earth filled with His glory.

3. He Saw Manifestations of Majesty (v. 4). As the holy ones cried the very door posts moved and the temple (No. 26:6; 29:18). Then indicated that the sublimest majesty and ingratitude of Israel provoked God's anger.

II. Isaiah's Conviction of Sin (v. 6). When the prophet got a view of the holy God he was smitten with a sense of sin. This is always true. The reason so many men think well of themselves is that they have never seen God. Face to face with the Lord, Isaiah saw himself as wholly vile. He realized that his people were in speech and, if in speech, then in heart, therefore the cry of despair. He was not only guilty himself, but was living in the midst of an unclean people.

III. Isaiah Cleansed From Sin (vv. 6, 7).

Having been convicted of sin and having discovered that he did not belong coal was taken from the altar to purge away his sin. His penitential guilt was forgiven and removed. Those unclean lips were refined by fire and with pure and with new forward to the holy thoughts of God. Only fire from God's altar can cleanse the soul from sin.

IV. Isaiah's Call.

God did not call the prophet until after he was cleansed. The purged soul is the soil ready for the Lord's service. The unconverted, unforgiven and uncleansed soul cannot even hear the Divine call for service.

V. Isaiah's Dedication (vv. 8-13).

Following the cleansing from sin there was the response to service. The one purged and sanctified and made ready for the Master's use readily responds to the call of God. They did not inquire as to the issue, did not desire to know the end from the beginning, but with freedom came forward to serve.

VI. Isaiah's Commission (vv. 9-12). The previous outlook was not promising. He shrank back from the responsibility and instantly cried, "How long, Lord?" His zeal, not profitable, acutely, but to pay—to run without loss?" she asked, determined to kill her new-born idea at birth or else give it breath and hope of life.

"Wal, I reckon it could," he replied, with a short laugh. "It'd sure be a money-maker. Why, with all my bad luck an' poor equipment I've lived pretty well an' paid my debts an' haven't lost any money except the original outlay. I reckon that's sunk for good."

"Would you sell—if someone would pay your price?"

"Miss Majesty, I'd jump at the chance. Yet somehow I'd hate to leave Lazar. I'd feel be fool enough to go sink the money in another ranch."

"Would Don Carlos and those other Mexicans sell?"

"They sure would. The Don has been after me for years, wantin' to sell that old rancho of his; an' these borders in the valley with their stony cattle, they'd fall child at sight of a little money."

"Please tell me, Mr. Stillwell, exactly what you would do here if you had unlimited means?" went on Madeline.

"Good Lad!" ejaculated the rancher. "Wall, bliss Majesty, it just makes my old heart warm up to think of such a thing. I dreamed a lot when I first come ayar. What would I do if I had unlimited money? Listen. I'd buy out Don Carlos an' the Greasers. I'd give a job to every good cowman in this country. I'd make them prosper as I prospered myself. I'd buy all the good horses on the range. I'd fence twenty thousand acres of the best grazin'. I'd drill fer water in the valley. I'd pipe water down from the mountains. I'd dam up that draw out there. A mile-long dam from hill to hill would give me a big lake, an' bevin' an eye fer beauty, I'd plant cottonwoods around it. I'd fill that lake full of fish. I'd put in the biggest field of alfalfa in the Southwest. I'd plant fruit-trees an' garden. I'd tear down them old corrals an' barns an' bunkhouses to build new ones. I'd make this old rancho some comfortable an' fine. I'd put in grass an' flowers all around an' bring young pine trees down from the mountains. An' when all that was done I'd sit in my chair an' smoke an' watch the cattle sniffin' in fer water an' straggle back into the valley. An' then red sun out there wouldn't set on a happier man in the world than Bill Stillwell, last of the old cattlemen."

Madeline thanked the rancher, and then rather abruptly retired to her room, where she felt no restraint to hide the force of all the strong feelings now full-grown and tenacious and alluring.

Upon the next day, late in the afternoon, she asked Alfred if it would be safe for her to ride out to the mesa.

"I'll go with you," he said gayly.

"Dear fellow, I want to go alone," she replied.

"Eh?" Alfred exclaimed, suddenly serious. He gave her just a quick glance, then turned away. "Go ahead. I think it's safe. I'll make it safe by sitting here with my glass and keeping an eye on you. Be careful coming down the trail. Let the horse pick his way. That's all."

She rode Majesty across the wide flat, up the zigzag trail, across the

"How He Must Love His Horse!"

level and murmured, "How he must love his horse!"

"Wal, I should say so," replied Alfred. "I'll will tell you. She's the only person Gene ever let ride that horse. Wal, sister mine, how about it—will you accept the horse?"

"Accept it! And very happy indeed am I to get him. Al, you must think that Mr. Stewart passed away lately, thereby kicking in the New York paper?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I will not change his name. But, Al, how shall I ever climb up on him? He's taller than I am. What a giant of a horse! Oh, look at him—he's nosing me. Think well of themselves is that they have never seen God. Face to face with the Lord, Isaiah saw himself as wholly vile. He realized that his people were in speech and, if in speech, then in heart, therefore the cry of despair. He was not only guilty himself, but was living in the midst of an unclean people.

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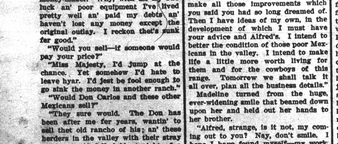


Flat, Up the Zigzag Trail, Across the Beautiful Grassy Level to the Far Rim of the Mesa—

beautiful grassy level to the far rim of the mesa, and not till then did she lift her eyes to face the southwest. In that darkening desert there was something illimitable. Madeline saw the hollow of a stupendous hand; she felt a mighty hold upon her heart. Out of the endless space, out of silence and desolation and mystery and age, came slow-changing colored shadows, glorious streaks of green, and they whispered to Madeline. They whispered that it was a great, grim, immutable earth; that time was eternity; that life was fleeting. They whispered to her to be a woman; to love someone before it was too late; to love anyone, everyone; to realize the best of work, and thus find happiness.

She rode back across the mesa and down the trail, and, once more upon the flat, she called to the horse and made him run. The animal seemed to race with hers. The wind of his speed blew her hair from its fastenings. When he thundered to a halt at the porch steps Madeline, breathless and flushed, alighted with the mass of her hair tumbling around her.

Alfred met her, and his exclamation, and Florence's rapt eyes shining on her face, and Stillwell's speechlessness made her self-conscious. Laughing, she tried to put up the mass of hair.

"My hat—and my combs—went to the wind. I thought—my hair would go, too. . . . There is the evening star. . . . I think I am very hungry."

And then she gave up trying to fasten up her hair, which fell again in a golden mass.

"Mr. Stillwell," she began, and paused. Strangely aware of a hurried note, a deeper ring in her voice. "Mr. Stillwell, I want to buy your ranch—to engage you as my superintendent. I want to buy Don Carlos' ranch and other property to the extent, say, of fifty thousand acres. I want you to develop it, improve it, in short, to make all those improvements which you said you had so long dreamed of. Then I have ideas of my own, in the development of which I must have your advice and Alfred's. I intend to better the condition of those poor Mexicans in the valley. I intend to make life a little more worth living for them and for the cowboys of this range. Tomorrow we shall talk it all over, plan all the business details."

Madeline turned from the huge, ever-widening smile that beamed down upon her and held out her hands to her brother.

"Alfred, strange, is it not, my coming out to you? Nay, don't smile. I hope I have found myself—my work, my happiness—here under the light of that western star."

CHAPTER VII

Her Majesty's Rancho.

Five months brought all that Stillwell had dreamed of, and so many more changes and improvements and innovations that it was as if a magic touch had transformed the old ranch. Madeline and Alfred and Florence had talked over a fitting name, and had decided on one chosen by Madeline. But this instance was the only one in the course of developments in which Madeline's wishes were not complied with. The cowboys named the new ranch "Her Majesty's Rancho." Stillwell said the names sounded boys bestowed were felicitous, and as unchangeable as the everlasting hills. Florence went over to the enemy; and Alfred, laughing at Madeline's protest, declared the cowboys had elected her queen of the ranges, and that there was no help for it. So the name stood—"Her Majesty's Rancho."

All that had been left of the old Spanish house which had been Stillwell's home for so long was the bare, massive structure, and some of this had been cut away for new doors and windows. Every modern convenience, even to hot and cold running water and acetylene light, had been installed; and the whole interior painted and carpentered and furnished. The ideal sought had not been luxury, but comfort. Every door into the patio looked out upon dark, rich grass and vivid-hued flowers, and every window looked down the green slopes.

Madeline Hammond cherished a fancy that the transformation she had wrought in the old Spanish house and in the people with whom she had surrounded herself, great as that transformation had been, was nothing when compared to the one wrought in herself. She had found an object in life. She had seen her brother through his difficulties, on the road to all the success and prosperity that he cared for. Madeline had been a conscientious student of ranching and an apt pupil of Stillwell. The old cattleman, in his simplicity, gave her the place in his heart that was meant for the daughter he had never had. His pride in her, Madeline thought, was beyond reason or belief or words to tell. Under his guidance, sometimes accompanied by Alfred and Florence, Madeline had ridden the ranges and had studied the life and work of the cowboys. Sometimes she looked in her mirror and laughed with sheer joy at sight of the lithe, audacious, brown-faced, flashing-eyed creature reflected there. It was not so much joy in her beauty as sheer joy of life. Eastern critics had been wont to call her beautiful in those days, when she had been pale and slender and proud and cold. She laughed. If they could only see her now! From the tip of her golden head to her feet she was alive, pulsating, on fire.

Sometimes she thought of her parents, sister, friends, of how they had persistently refused to believe she could or would stay in the West. They were always asking her to come home. She wrote that she would return to her old home some time, of course, for a visit; and letters such as this brought returns that amused Madeline, sometimes saddened her. Her father's business had been such that he could not leave it for the time required for a western trip, so she, according to his letter, he would have to wait until he could retire. Her friends had been driven to cross the Hudson river; her un-American ideas of thewilderness westward was that Indians still chased buffalo on the outskirts of Chicago. Madeline's sister Helen had long been eager to come, as much from curiosity, Madeline thought, as from sisterly regard. And at length Madeline concluded that the proof of her breaking permanent ties might better be seen by visiting relatives and friends before she went back East. With that in mind she invited Helen to visit her during the summer, and bring as many friends as she liked.

* * * * * * *

No slight task indeed was it to oversee the many business details of Her Majesty's Rancho and to keep a record of them. Madeline found the course of business training upon which her father had insisted to be invaluable to her now. It helped her to assimilate and arrange the practical details of cattle-raising as put forth by the blunt Stillwell. She established as an extensive vegetable farm, and she planted orchards. The climate was superior to that of California, and, with abundant water, trees and plants and gardens flourished and bloomed in a way wonderful to behold. Here in the farming section of the ranch Madeline found employment for the little colony of Mexicans. Their lives had been a hard and barren as the dry valley where they had lived. But as the valley had been transformed so by the soft, rich touch of water, so their lives had been transformed by help and sympathy and work. The children were wretched no more, and many that had been blind could now see, and Madeline had become to them a new and blessed Virgin.

Madeline looked abroad over these lands and likened the change in them and those who lived by them to the change in her heart. It may have been fancy, but the sun seemed to be brighter, the sky bluer, the wind sweeter. Certain it was that the deep green of grass and garden was not fancy, nor the white and pink of blossom, nor the blaze and perfume of flower, nor the sheen of lake and the fluttering of new-born leaves. Where there had been monotonous gray there was now vivid and changing color. Formerly there had been silence both day and night; now during the sunny hours there was music. The velvety of prancing stallions pealed in from the grassy ridges. Innumerable birds had come and, like the northward-journeying ducks, they had tarried to stay. The song of meadow-lark and blackbird and robin, familiar to Madeline from childhood, mingled with the new and strange heart-throbbing song of the mocking-bird and the piercing blast of the desert eagle and the melancholy moan of the turtle-dove.

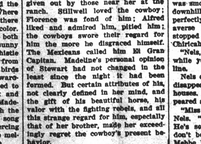
CHAPTER VIII

El Capitan.

Stillwell's interest in the revolution across the Mexican line had manifestly increased with the news that Gene Stewart had achieved distinction with the rebel forces. Thereafter the old cattleman sent for El Paso and Douglas newspapers, wrote to ranchmen he knew on the big bend of the Rio Grande, and he would talk indefinitely to anyone who would listen to him.

There appeared to be no doubt that the cowboy had performed some daring feats for the rebels. Madeline found his name mentioned in several of the border papers. When the rebels under Madero stormed and captured the city of Juarez, Stewart did fighting that won him the name of El Capitan. This battle apparently ended the revolution. The capitulation of President Diaz followed shortly, and there was a feeling of relief among ranchers on the border from Texas to California. Nothing more was heard of Gene Stewart until April, when a report reached Stillwell that the cowboy had arrived in El Cajon, evidently hunting trouble. The old cattleman saddled a horse and started post-haste for town. In two days he returned, depressed in spirit. Madeline happened to be present when Stillwell talked to Alfred.

"Wal, it's sure amazin' strange about Gene. It's got me locoed. He arrived in El Cajon more'n a week ago. He was trained down like as if he'd been ridin' the range all winter. He had plenty of money—Mex., they said. An' all the Greasers was crazy about him. Called him El Capitan. He got drunk an' went roarin' round fer Pat Hawe.



"Gene Walked Up an' Down, Up an' Down, All Day and Night, Lookin' fer Pat."

You remember they Greaser who was plugged last October the night Miss Majesty arrived? Wal, he's dead, an' people say that Pat is a-goin' to lay off a little' onto Gene. I reckon that's jest talk, though Pat is mean enough to do it, if he had the nerve. Anyway, if he was in El Cajon he kept mighty much to himself. Gene walked up an' down, up an' down, all day an' night, lookin' fer Pat. Then there was a fight in a saloon, an' Gene had to kill a Greaser in self-defense. An' Consul Blank, he's a friend of Gene's, he got word to him that Pat had left town. Gene he rode after him, an' he's been gone a week. Now, Miss Majesty, what do you think of that? Danny hadn't been drinkin'—wouldn't touch a drop. I'm sure glad of that, but it's sure amazin' strange. Why, Danny was a fish for red liquor. I guess he an' Gene had some pretty hard words, though I'm not sure about that. Anyway, Gene went down to the railroad an' he got on an engine, an' he was in the engine when it pulled out. I just had an idea, Miss Majesty. If I can get him, Gene Stewart is the cowboy I want for my foreman. He can manage this bunch of cow-punchers that are drivin' me deity. What's more, since he's fought for the rebels an' got that name El Capitan, all the Greasers in the country will kneel to him. Now, Miss Majesty, we haven't got rid of Don Carlos an' his vaqueros yet. I don't like the looks of things a little bit. Say, I tell you now that Don Carlos knows somethin' about the cattle I lost, an' thet you've been losin' right along. That Greaser has had an' grove with the rebels. I'm willin' to gamble that when he does get out he an' his vaqueros will make another one of the bands of guerrillas that are here-an'-there' family ties that has not been broken. It spoke of pride in this El Capitan brother who had become famous. It was signed "your loving sister Letty."

Not improbably, Madeline revolved in her mind, this letter was one reason for Stewart's headstrong, long-continued abatement. It had been received too late—after he had squandered the money that would have meant so much to mother and sister. Be that as it might, Madeline immediately sent a bank-draft to Stewart's sister with a letter explaining that the money was drawn in advance on Stewart's salary. This done, she impulsively determined to go to Chirichahua herself.

Nels, when Madeline asked him to accompany her to Chirichahua, replied, reluctantly, that he would rather follow on his horse. However, she prevailed over his hesitancy, and with Florence also in the car they set out. For miles and miles the valley road was smooth, hard-packed, and slightly downhill. And when speeding was perfectly safe, Madeline was not averse to it. And when the car stopped in the wide, dusty street of Chirichahua Nels gladly tumbled out.

"Nels, we shall wait here in the car while you find Stewart," said Madeline.

Nels crossed the railroad track and disappeared behind the low, flat homes. After a little time he reappeared and hurried up to the car.

"Miss Hammond, I found him," said Nels. "He was sleepin'. I woke him. He's sober an' not bad hurt; but I don't believe you ought to see him, Mobile Florence—"

"Nels, I want to see him myself. Why not? What did he say when you told him I was here?"

[To be Continued Next Week]

The Best Car Made Will Get Out of Order

The only way to avoid such annoyances is to keep in touch with a reliable garage. Run your car into our garage every month and let us listen to the motor. If there is nothing out of order it will cost you nothing. If there IS anything wrong, right then is the most economical time to have it corrected. Every day of delay adds to the expense bill.

We repair all makes of cars, and We keep Efficiency Up and Expenses Down.

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Chas. F. Hanenkrat, Owner

You can have GOOD LUCK by asking for it

It's easy to insure the success of your baking.

Just ask for the pure Good Luck" Baking Powder and your oven will give out fluffier biscuits—more delicious cakes—finer bread.

Use only one teaspoonful of "Good Luck" Baking Powder. It possesses higher leavening strength—but costs less.

5c, 10c and 25c cans — and 35c pails at your grocer's.

THE SOUTHERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA.

The Buick

America's Smartest Car—and at a Moderate Price

What You Buy in a Buick:

THE luxury of a big car, smart and powerful. The economy of a small car, combined with driving ease which very few cars, large or small, possess. Women like it because it handles so easily and is so everlastingly reliable. Everybody likes it because it is a distinction to own a Buick, and without sacrificing economy.

Local Representative

EULA MAY BURKE

Appomattox, Virginia

Goodyear Tires are the most popular tires in the world today.

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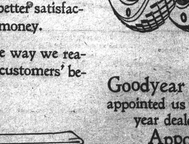

Goodyear appointed us as Goodyear dealers in Appomattox

H. M. BURGE

APPOMATTOX, VA.

THE ONLY THREE-STORY STORE IN APPOMATTOX

The Light of Western Stars

A Romance

By Zane Grey

Illustrations by Irvin Myers

Chapter VI Continued

"Between you and me, Al, don't let her or Flo ride alone over Don Carlos' way. If I had time I could tell you something about that slick Greaser. And tell your sister, if there's ever any reason for her to run away from anybody when she's up on that roan, just let her lean over and yell in his ear. She'll find herself ridin' the wind. So long."

"GENE STEWART."

Madeline thoughtfully folded the

"How He Must Love His Horse!"

letter and murmured, "How he must love his horse!"

"Wal, I should say so," replied Alfred. "I'll will tell you. She's the only person Gene ever let ride that horse. Wal, sister mine, how about it—will you accept the horse?"

"Accept it! And very happy indeed am I to get him. Al, you must think that Mr. Stewart passed away lately, thereby kicking in the New York paper?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I will not change his name. But, Al, how shall I ever climb up on him? He's taller than I am. What a giant of a horse! Oh, look at him—he's nosing me. Think well of themselves is that they have never seen God. Face to face with the Lord, Isaiah saw himself as wholly vile. He realized that his people were in speech and, if in speech, then in heart, therefore the cry of despair. He was not only guilty himself, but was living in the midst of an unclean people.

III. Isaiah Cleansed From Sin (vv. 6, 7).

Having been convicted of sin and having discovered that he did not belong coal was taken from the altar to purge away his sin. His penitential guilt was forgiven and removed. Those unclean lips were refined by fire and with pure and with new forward to the holy thoughts of God. Only fire from God's altar can cleanse the soul from sin.

IV. Isaiah's Call.

God did not call the prophet until after he was cleansed. The purged soul is the soil ready for the Lord's service. The unconverted, unforgiven and uncleansed soul cannot even hear the Divine call for service.

V. Isaiah's Dedication (vv. 8-13).

Following the cleansing from sin there was the response to service. The one purged and sanctified and made ready for the Master's use readily responds to the call of God. They did not inquire as to the issue, did not desire to know the end from the beginning, but with freedom came forward to serve.

VI. Isaiah's Commission (vv. 9-12). The previous outlook was not promising. He shrank back from the responsibility and instantly cried, "How long, Lord?" His zeal, not profitable, acutely, but to pay—to run without loss?" she asked, determined to kill her new-born idea at birth or else give it breath and hope of life.

"Wal, I reckon it could," he replied, with a short laugh. "It'd sure be a money-maker. Why, with all my bad luck an' poor equipment I've lived pretty well an' paid my debts an' haven't lost any money except the original outlay. I reckon that's sunk for good."

"Would you sell—if someone would pay your price?"

"Miss Majesty, I'd jump at the chance. Yet somehow I'd hate to leave Lazar. I'd feel be fool enough to go sink the money in another ranch."

"Would Don Carlos and those other Mexicans sell?"

"They sure would. The Don has been after me for years, wantin' to sell that old rancho of his; an' these borders in the valley with their stony cattle, they'd fall child at sight of a little money."

"Please tell me, Mr. Stillwell, exactly what you would do here if you had unlimited means?" went on Madeline.

"Good Lad!" ejaculated the rancher. "Wall, bliss Majesty, it just makes my old heart warm up to think of such a thing. I dreamed a lot when I first come ayar. What would I do if I had unlimited money? Listen. I'd buy out Don Carlos an' the Greasers. I'd give a job to every good cowman in this country. I'd make them prosper as I prospered myself. I'd buy all the good horses on the range. I'd fence twenty thousand acres of the best grazin'. I'd drill fer water in the valley. I'd pipe water down from the mountains. I'd dam up that draw out there. A mile-long dam from hill to hill would give me a big lake, an' bevin' an eye fer beauty, I'd plant cottonwoods around it. I'd fill that lake full of fish. I'd put in the biggest field of alfalfa in the Southwest. I'd plant fruit-trees an' garden. I'd tear down them old corrals an' barns an' bunkhouses to build new ones. I'd make this old rancho some comfortable an' fine. I'd put in grass an' flowers all around an' bring young pine trees down from the mountains. An' when all that was done I'd sit in my chair an' smoke an' watch the cattle sniffin' in fer water an' straggle back into the valley. An' then red sun out there wouldn't set on a happier man in the world than Bill Stillwell, last of the old cattlemen."

Madeline thanked the rancher, and then rather abruptly retired to her room, where she felt no restraint to hide the force of all the strong feelings now full-grown and tenacious and alluring.

Upon the next day, late in the afternoon, she asked Alfred if it would be safe for her to ride out to the mesa.

"I'll go with you," he said gayly.

"Dear fellow, I want to go alone," she replied.

"Eh?" Alfred exclaimed, suddenly serious. He gave her just a quick glance, then turned away. "Go ahead. I think it's safe. I'll make it safe by sitting here with my glass and keeping an eye on you. Be careful coming down the trail. Let the horse pick his way. That's all."

She rode Majesty across the wide flat, up the zigzag trail, across the

Flat, Up the Zigzag Trail, Across the Beautiful Grassy Level to the Far Rim of the Mesa—

beautiful grassy level to the far rim of the mesa, and not till then did she lift her eyes to face the southwest. In that darkening desert there was something illimitable. Madeline saw the hollow of a stupendous hand; she felt a mighty hold upon her heart. Out of the endless space, out of silence and desolation and mystery and age, came slow-changing colored shadows, glorious streaks of green, and they whispered to Madeline. They whispered that it was a great, grim, immutable earth; that time was eternity; that life was fleeting. They whispered to her to be a woman; to love someone before it was too late; to love anyone, everyone; to realize the best of work, and thus find happiness.

She rode back across the mesa and down the trail, and, once more upon the flat, she called to the horse and made him run. The animal seemed to race with hers. The wind of his speed blew her hair from its fastenings. When he thundered to a halt at the porch steps Madeline, breathless and flushed, alighted with the mass of her hair tumbling around her.

Alfred met her, and his exclamation, and Florence's rapt eyes shining on her face, and Stillwell's speechlessness made her self-conscious. Laughing, she tried to put up the mass of hair.

"My hat—and my combs—went to the wind. I thought—my hair would go, too. . . . There is the evening star. . . . I think I am very hungry."

And then she gave up trying to fasten up her hair, which fell again in a golden mass.

"Mr. Stillwell," she began, and paused. Strangely aware of a hurried note, a deeper ring in her voice. "Mr. Stillwell, I want to buy your ranch—to engage you as my superintendent. I want to buy Don Carlos' ranch and other property to the extent, say, of fifty thousand acres. I want you to develop it, improve it, in short, to make all those improvements which you said you had so long dreamed of. Then I have ideas of my own, in the development of which I must have your advice and Alfred's. I intend to better the condition of those poor Mexicans in the valley. I intend to make life a little more worth living for them and for the cowboys of this range. Tomorrow we shall talk it all over, plan all the business details."

Madeline turned from the huge, ever-widening smile that beamed down upon her and held out her hands to her brother.

"Alfred, strange, is it not, my coming out to you? Nay, don't smile. I hope I have found myself—my work, my happiness—here under the light of that western star."

CHAPTER VII

Her Majesty's Rancho.

Five months brought all that Stillwell had dreamed of, and so many more changes and improvements and innovations that it was as if a magic touch had transformed the old ranch. Madeline and Alfred and Florence had talked over a fitting name, and had decided on one chosen by Madeline. But this instance was the only one in the course of developments in which Madeline's wishes were not complied with. The cowboys named the new ranch "Her Majesty's Rancho." Stillwell said the names sons boys bestowed were felicitous, and as unchangeable as the everlasting hills. Florence went over to the enemy; and Alfred, laughing at Madeline's protest, declared the cowboys had elected her queen of the ranges, and that there was no help for it. So the name stood—"Her Majesty's Rancho."

All that had been left of the old Spanish house which had been Stillwell's home for so long was the bare, massive structure, and some of this had been cut away for new doors and windows. Every modern convenience, even to hot and cold running water and acetylene light, had been installed; and the whole interior painted and carpentered and furnished. The ideal sought had not been luxury, but comfort. Every door into the patio looked out upon dark, rich grass and vivid-hued flowers, and every window looked down the green slopes.

Madeline Hammond cherished a fancy that the transformation she had wrought in the old Spanish house and in the people with whom she had surrounded herself, great as that transformation had been, was nothing when compared to the one wrought in herself. She had found an object in life. She had seen her brother through his difficulties, on the road to all the success and prosperity that he cared for. Madeline had been a conscientious student of ranching and an apt pupil of Stillwell. The old cattleman, in his simplicity, gave her the place in his heart that was meant for the daughter he had never had. His pride in her, Madeline thought, was beyond reason or belief or words to tell. Under his guidance, sometimes accompanied by Alfred and Florence, Madeline had ridden the ranges and had studied the life and work of the cowboys. Sometimes she looked in her mirror and laughed with sheer joy at sight of the lithe, audacious, brown-faced, flashing-eyed creature reflected there. It was not so much joy in her beauty as sheer joy of life. Eastern critics had been wont to call her beautiful in those days, when she had been pale and slender and proud and cold. She laughed. If they could only see her now! From the tip of her golden head to her feet she was alive, pulsating, on fire.

Sometimes she thought of her parents, sister, friends, of how they had persistently refused to believe she could or would stay in the West. They were always asking her to come home. She wrote that she would return to her old home some time, of course, for a visit; and letters such as this brought returns that amused Madeline, sometimes saddened her. Her father's business had been such that he could not leave it for the time required for a western trip, so she, according to his letter, he would have to wait until he could retire. Her friends had been driven to cross the Hudson river; her un-American ideas of thewilderness westward was that Indians still chased buffalo on the outskirts of Chicago. Madeline's sister Helen had long been eager to come, as much from curiosity, Madeline thought, as from sisterly regard. And at length Madeline concluded that the proof of her breaking permanent ties might better be seen by visiting relatives and friends before she went back East. With that in mind she